

THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1822.

MISS P. GLOVER.

THE subject of the following memoir was born in Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, in the year 1806. She is the fourth daughter of Mrs. Glover, an eminent actress of Drury-lane Theatre. At an early age, she was sent to Liverpool, where she received an excellent education, under the care of Mrs. Cordy, which she has since completed in the metropolis. The natural timidity of her disposition compelled her to renounce all idea of her becoming a professional singer, for which purpose she had been for some time under the tuition of Mr. James Welch, and accordingly she returned to Liverpool with the determination of pursuing her studies so as to become sufficiently qualified to open a school herself, and assist her mother in the arduous, yet pleasing, task of rearing the younger branches of the family.

In consequence of ill health, she returned home for a short period, and during her stay in London, her mother had frequent opportunities of appreciating her rising talents. The circumstance which led to her subsequent appearance on the stage, is as follows:—Returning one day from the theatre, the ears of her mother, on entering her apartment, were saluted by a voice so sweet and powerful, that she was induced to stop and listen. She soon discovered that the voice was no other than that of the youthful Phillis, her beloved daughter. She was reciting the character of Juliet;

and after much entreaty was prevailed upon to proceed. Her mother was so delighted with her performance that she soon afterwards introduced her to Mr. Elliston, who was likewise so much pleased that he appointed a second interview, when Mr. Winston, Mr. Calcraft, and himself, were present. The result was, a determination that she should immediately make her appearance on the boards of Drury-lane Theatre.

Accordingly our young heroine made her *début* a week afterwards, and met with all the success which her most sanguine friends could possibly desire. However, we are informed, that Mr. Elliston has not thought proper to engage this highly promising young lady, and not being yet enabled to quit the protection of her mother for the country, she has accepted a very handsome offer from Mr. Burroughs, the present manager of the Surrey Theatre, where she will acquire that practice so necessary to a novice, and under the able instruction of her mother, be prevented from wandering out of the path of nature, the only fault to be found, in general, among the performers of our minor theatres.

REVENUE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE Emperor of China receives annually 40,155,490 bags of rice, wheat, and millet, each bag containing twenty pounds; 1,315,937 loaves of salt, each weighing fifty pounds; 210,470 sacks of beans, and 22,597,000 trusses of straw for the support of his horses. In stuffs, or in silks, the provinces furnish him also yearly with 191,135 pounds of wrought silk, each pound containing twenty ounces; 490,196 pounds of raw silk; 396,196 pieces of cotton; 560,204 pieces of linen stuffs; without counting the prodigious number of velvets, satins, damasks, and other articles; the varnish, oxen, sheep, hogs, geese, ducks, game, fish, fruit, pulses, spices, and the different sorts of wine, which are continually brought to the imperial palace. Upon computing all that the Emperor receives, his ordinary revenues are estimated at 200,000,000 of taels; and a tael is an ounce of silver.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;**A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."***(Continued from page 12.)*

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

THE parting between Guthlac and his mother, was such as might be expected ; to the latter it was agonizing, and it was many days ere the novelty of the scene now presented to his view, or the gratification of his most ardent desires, could restore the former to his wonted spirits. Possessed of all that was dear to his heart, he had looked forward to the indulgence of his favorite wish as the completion of happiness ; but he now found, that though he had obtained the object of his desire, he had not reached that perfect felicity which he had anticipated. During the day, indeed, he was too much engaged to feel any sensation foreign to the nature of his occupation ; but in the evening, when he had retired to his tent, a sense of loneliness would obtrude itself, and the image of his mother and the Abbot would rise in softened remembrance to his mind, and tears that he would have blushed to shed openly, would occasionally fill his eyes.

Earnestly, however, did he long for an opportunity to distinguish himself. He had been received with every public demonstration of affection by his uncle, who had appointed him a situation becoming his birth, under the superintendence of Brithmer. To obtain the command of his own vassals was, however, the present object of his desire ; and in the slight skirmishes which had taken place between the contending parties, he had evinced a degree of bravery that had already inspired the soldiers with a respect for him, which was not a little increased by the dignified, though extreme suavity of his manners.

His wishes were at length on the point of being gratified. A very considerable body of men having been sent to oppose Egbert, he had found it expedient to retreat towards

his own dominions, that he might obtain the succours he might require, together with the assistance of a neighboring nobleman, on whose friendship he strongly relied. Hearing, however, that the enemy were about to receive an additional reinforcement, he resolved, notwithstanding the disadvantage that attended his situation, to risk an engagement. His orders were accordingly given, and with the first beams of morning, the attack was to commence. No sleep visited the eyes of the impatient Guthlac that night, and heavily the hours seemed to pass away. He had thrown himself on the ground with the intent to repose himself a short time, but in vain. Many times did he arise to watch the appearance of the sky, and gladly did he hail the gradual diminution of its sparkling luminaries. The morning star, "day's harbinger," at length caught his anxious gaze, and he fully equipped himself for battle; then, throwing himself on his knees, he, in a short but energetic prayer, commended himself and his mother to the protection of Heaven, and was already issuing from his tent, when Brithmer encountered him.

"I came to rouse you," exclaimed he; "the enemy has obtained scent of our intentions, and means, I believe, to rob us of the honor of the first attack; no time is therefore to be lost, but every man must away to his post immediately. By your readiness," continued he, smiling, "I augur this is no unpleasant intelligence to you; but, tell me, does the near approach of danger find you equally firm in resolution, and beats your heart as calmly in the realization, as in the anticipation, of your desires?"

"If I were to say my heart beats calmly," replied Guthlac, "I should speak falsely; for the rapidity of its pulsations is almost suffocating; but it is not fear that thus agitates me—my spirit kindles at the approach of peril, and every moment seems an age till I have done something to redeem the character of effeminacy which I have acquired. Shade of my father!" added he, with uplifted eyes, and in a tone expressive of the intensity of his feelings, "if thou art permitted to behold the transactions of this world, be near thy son this day, nerve his arm with double strength, and, whether in life or death, let some portion of thy renown rest upon his name."

"Guthlac," said Brithmer, "let not the ardor of your feelings lead you into imprudence; remember, courage must be tempered with judgment, or it degenerates into rashness. Situated as you are, you must reflect that you have greater duties to regard than merely to signalize yourself. The lives of others are entrusted to your care, and a good commander will scorn any monument to his fame which has been purchased by the wanton sacrifice of the meanest soldier in his train. Be valiant then, but be temperate; and when we meet again, may it be to rejoice in your success." Guthlac returned the hearty grasp of his friend, and hastened to the spot assigned him.

This was to guard a defile which communicated with the main road, and the field in which the engagement took place; so inactive a part but ill suited the impetuous feelings of the youthful warrior, and as with eager eyes he watched the transactions of the day, it was with difficulty that he could repress the rising gusts of passion or of regret, which alternately swayed his bosom. Unable longer to contain himself, he dispatched a messenger secretly to Brithmer, to entreat him to procure permission for him to join the party under his command. Scarcely, however, had he disappeared, ere he was suddenly and vigorously attacked by the advanced guard of the enemy's reinforcement, and immediately afterwards the whole body was seen rapidly marching down upon him. Now, indeed, was he called upon for every exertion of mind and body. Far from being intimidated at the inequality of numbers, or the manifest danger that menaced him, with the vigor of a lion roused to the chase, he returned the assault, animating his men by every personal act of valor, and encouraging them by every expression that his ardent imagination suggested. The combat, however, was too unequal, and though in the first instance his soldiers fought with bravery, the enemy pressed upon them with such force, that, conscious of the chances against them, and placing but little dependance on their youthful commander, they began to give way, and were already preparing for flight. At this instant Guthlac, perceiving their intention, sprang forward, and waving his sword in the air, he exclaimed with all the energy that characterized him, "Mercians! ye who have fought with Penwald, and conquered! ye who have sworn

fidelity to his house, will you desert his son in his first attempt to revive the glories of his name, and flee before those whom he has so often taught you to vanquish? Be it so then," added he, after a pause, seeing them still irresolute, and placing himself in such a situation, that it was impossible to avoid him, the rich bloom of his cheek subsiding into an ashy paleness, and his lip quivering with a convulsive motion, though the utmost determination breathed in every word and gesture, "flee, cowards as you are! but remember, your path must lie over my body. I will neither remove from this spot, nor live to witness your disgrace! Save yourselves then by an ignominious flight, and let it be said, that the soldiers of Penwald bought their safety in Guthlac's blood!"

"Never, never!" was the instantaneous shout that followed this address, "we all conquer or perish together!" "Then follow me!" cried he, precipitating himself with redoubled fury upon the enemy.

"Guthlac, or victory!" was the answer. "Honor, or death!" Nothing could now exceed their impetuosity; the tide of success was at once turned, and hundreds fell before them. It would have been impossible, however, to support this superiority for any length of time, and happily the critical situation in which his nephew was placed became known to Egbert, and a body of men was instantly sent to his assistance. He now continued to preserve his advantage, with increased vigor: perceiving the standard of the enemy, he determined to possess himself of it, and cutting his way towards it, he was on the point of seizing it, when a violent blow upon his head and arm stunned him for a moment, and made him reel from his seat. Recovering himself, he turned upon the assailant with the rapidity of lightning, and having laid him low, he succeeded in gaining the object of his desire. The blood flowed profusely from his wound, but regardless of the circumstance, he waved the standard in the air, and in the joy of the moment, re-echoed the enthusiastic acclamation of the surrounding soldiers, "Guthlac and victory—success to the house of Penwald!" The words still hung on his lips, and he was about to pursue his career amidst the thickest of the fight, when his hand was grasped by a warrior, who hastily approached him, and the deep

voice of Brithmer, hoarse with emotion, sounded on his ear. "Dear, noble boy!" exclaimed he, "thou hast more than answered my proudest expectation—henceforth thy fame will rest upon thy own, and not thy father's fame." Guthlac answered by an eloquent look, when suddenly turning deadly pale, he faltered, "It is enough; I am blessed beyond my hopes," and sunk apparently lifeless on the ground. In considerable alarm, Brithmer unclasped his vizor and unbound the heavy corslet from his breast, and perceiving the nature of his wound, he ordered him to be conveyed from the field and committed to the care of a leech, who was well skilled in his profession. Brithmer now proceeded to complete the advantage which his youthful favorite had so nearly achieved, and in a short time succeeded in dispersing the troops opposed to him, while the main body of Egbert's army being apprized of the circumstance, and hearing the shouts of victory, redoubled their own efforts, resolving not to be eclipsed in glory by their brethren in arms. The opposite party, on the other hand, became equally dispirited by the unexpected discomfiture of their comrades, and after a short and ineffectual struggle, fled on all sides, leaving Egbert master of the field, and what was of equal consequence, free from further apprehension of molestation on that side of the country, at least for some time to come.

The wound of Guthlac proved on examination a severe, though not a dangerous one; but the extreme heat of the weather, together with the previous agitation of his mind produced a degree of fever, that created considerable anxiety in the breast of his friends. It was a fortnight after the memorable engagement in which he had so proudly distinguished himself, ere perfect recollection was restored to him. Awakening as from a deep sleep, he lay in a state of composure; his eyes being still closed, and unconscious at the moment of all that had happened to him. He seemed to himself as if he were still in a dream, when his attention was suddenly arrested by hearing the low sweet sounds of that voice which he had once heard in the armoury, and whose tones were too deeply engraven on his imagination to escape his recognition. It now appeared very near to him, and confused as were his ideas, he was able to distinguish the following words—

"Guthlac! wake again to life;
Heed'st thou not the warlike strife?
Hark! they call thee from afar,
Mercia's pride and honor's star!
Wake, oh! wake, these bands destroy;
Wake to glory, wake to joy!"

As soon as it had ceased, Guthlac started up; but enfeebled by recent suffering, he fell back upon his couch, unable for some minutes to make any further effort to rise. He now looked round him, and found with astonishment, that he was in an apartment of which he had not the slightest knowledge. He endeavored to recall his scattered thoughts, but ere he could sufficiently recollect himself, a lady entered through the door which was just opposite to him, and advanced towards him with a smiling countenance. Her features were familiar to him, though in the first instant, he could not remember where he had seen them before. "And you have forgotten me?" exclaimed she; "an affectionate nephew truly, to banish so fond an aunt from your recollection." "The lady Gunilda!" said Guthlac, joyfully recognizing her, and returning her salute, "forgive me, dear aunt, but it is so long since I saw you, and my brain is so strangely confused, that I scarcely know what I am saying, or where I am." "Be under no apprehension," returned she, "you are neither spirited away to an enchanted castle, nor bound by any bonds, but such as you yourself may break. I must, however, inform you, that you have been very ill, and your uncle, fearing that you would not be properly attended with him, sent you to me, while he is pursuing the advantage which your own prowess has so materially assisted him to gain."

Guthlac burst into a passionate exclamation of regret at being prevented from accompanying the army, and expressed his determination to follow his uncle without delay. Gunilda smiled. "Stay till you are sufficiently recovered to encounter fresh difficulties, and then I will allow you to depart; but at present you are my prisoner, and must submit to my directions. Nay, look not so disconsolate," added she; "I make no doubt, I shall be able to make the short time, I trust, you will have to spend with me, pass with tolerable speed away, and I promise you, I will detain you no longer

than is absolutely necessary for your recovery; but now compose yourself to rest, and I will sit by your side; recollect your restoration depends solely on your obedience to my injunctions, and do not attempt to oppose whatever I may command."

"I will obey you most scrupulously," replied Guthlac, "if you will allow me to ask you, whether my mother is acquainted with my having been wounded, and my consequent illness?" Gunilda replied in the negative. "I was unwilling to alarm her," said she, "till there was absolute necessity for so doing, and I placed so much dependance upon your youth and my own skill, that I forbade a messenger being dispatched to her, being resolved, that you should have the pleasure of communicating your honorable actions yourself." Guthlac smiled his gratitude; then closing his eyes, he prepared himself to sleep. His slumber was light and refreshing, and he awoke with amended feelings, and restored to perfect recollection and sensibility. His hand was held by some one whom he believed to be his aunt, and he pressed it with unaffected tenderness; in an instant, however, it was withdrawn, when, surprised at the action, he lifted up his eyes, and caught a glimpse of a female figure retreating behind the Lady Gunilda.

(To be continued.)

ÆSCHYLUS.

ÆSCHYLUS, the tragic poet, once owed his life to the presence of mind of his brother Aminias. Having been accused by the Athenians of some expressions of impiety in one of his plays, he was condemned to be stoned to death. The moment was a critical one. In an instant Aminias threw aside his cloak, and shewed his arm without a hand. This had been lost at the battle of Salamis. The appeal was not lost—Æschylus was pardoned by general consent.

EIGHTEEN AND FORTY-EIGHT.**A TRAVELLING SKETCH.**

As the Gosport stage was passing through the pretty rural village of —, it was hailed by an elderly man in a plain livery, at the gate of the principal house in the place, when having succeeded in arresting its rapid progress, he enquired of the coachman, whether there was room for a lady withinside, and on being answered in the affirmative, he deposited a small portmanteau in the boot, and then returned to the house.

The three inside passengers, already on sociable terms with each other, were not, perhaps, over desirous of any addition to their party, for two of them were young, and the gentleman who sat directly opposite a very pretty girl, had not failed to express his admiration by looks from which the fair one turned her blushing face without any very serious tokens of displeasure; the third, an old military officer, had made himself a very agreeable travelling companion, by repeating innumerable pleasant anecdotes, and by affecting to be so much engrossed by his own talk, as not to notice the dumb shew which was carrying on between his fellow travellers. In a few minutes, an elderly lady of dignified carriage and placid countenance advanced to the coach-door; the officer very politely extended his hand to assist her in ascending the vehicle. In passing to the opposite corner, the lady, by some accident, trod on the veteran's foot, for which she thought an apology necessary, to which he facetiously replied, "Pray, madam, do not let it give you a moment's concern; my foot being of cork, there is no chance of your making any impression in that quarter, though I may not be found equally invulnerable in every other." The lady smiled, and with similar gaiety replied, "I think, sir, I can answer for your safety, notwithstanding the gallantry of your assertion." Finding no restraint likely to be imposed in consequence of this addition to their party, the young couple soon joined in the conversation, and a lively chat was kept up for a considerable time, until passing a newly ornamented house, which stood at a distance from the road,

the officer took occasion to enquire of the lady if she knew to whom it belonged. "I can remember when it wore a very different aspect," said he, "but I have been absent from England many years, during which great alterations must have taken place in the interior, as well as the exterior." As something like a sigh escaped him at the close of the sentence, the person he addressed gave him a scrutinizing look through her spectacles, as she enquired, if he recollected the family of Somers, who had occupied the farm-house in its pristine state about twenty years back. "Aye, madam," returned the officer, energetically, "I remember them well, and worthy people they were. Pray, can you tell me what is become of Fanny Somers? She was a sweet pretty girl when I knew her, and that is about—let me see—yes, it must be full thirty years back; she was then about eighteen, and I had a bit of a flirtation with her; I do think I should have played the fool, and married her, had not some family obstacles interposed; for I certainly was pretty far gone at that time." "You surprise me!" observed the lady quickly; "Fanny Somers was generally considered by the old people in the neighborhood as an eligible match, and she received several proposals which very few girls besides herself would have rejected." "And did she reject them all?" asked the officer quickly; "I hope it was not upon my account." The lady smiled. "I do not know," said she, "that I should be justified in telling more of the young lady's concerns than what public rumor made generally known. It was said, that a secret partiality for a young military hero, who had paid her very particular attention for some months, influenced her in thus rejecting all other proposals; and I did hear, that his subsequent neglect preyed upon her spirits; for like many other girls at that romantic age, she fancied that she could never be happy with any other man." "Poor girl!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of deep feeling, "I was to blame certainly; but, perhaps, not quite so much so as she was led to believe, for I really loved her, and actually applied to my father for permission to marry her; but his pride of ancestry was great, and he would not hear of it. What could I do, with nothing but an ensign's pay? I was ordered abroad just at that particular time, and was forced to leave poor Fanny with nothing

but empty promises to console her. I vowed constancy, and meant it at the time; but, alas! how little do we know our own hearts! time and absence weakened the impression, and—and, I am almost ashamed to own it, I married another.—But, poor Fanny! tell me, madam, for, from your long residence in this neighborhood, I suppose you know every particular—how long did she survive the shock my perfidy occasioned her?" "I believe she out-lived that shock a great while," observed the lady, drily; "indeed, I rather think she is living now." There was a ludicrous expression of mortified vanity to be discerned in the officer's countenance, as his informer cleared up the mistake respecting Miss Somers; but it was almost instantly succeeded by a glow of honest exultation, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed with strong emphasis, "Thank God! I am happy to hear it. Oh! how I wish I could see the sweet girl! do pray tell me all you know about her." "That can be done in a very few words," returned the lady; "Fanny married the son of the rector, and lived happy and respected in her native place; she had two sweet children, who are now placed for education with a very particular friend of mine. Fanny has been a widow about four years, is now in easy circumstances, and I believe I may add, for the edification of my young auditors, she is perfectly convinced that a woman may become a very happy wife, even though she should have been disappointed of her first love."

The conversation was now interrupted by the arrival of the coach at its place of destination. The young lady was met by her friends, and the other juvenile traveller also took leave. The officer, deeply interested in the communication of his intelligent companion, requested permission to escort her the remainder of the distance she had to go, to which after a few moments' hesitation, she agreed. A hackney-coach was accordingly called; which she ordered the man to drive to Brook-street, and as soon as they were seated, the old officer resumed the subject, which had been rather abruptly suspended. "You are probably aware, madam, that I am in part actuated by a selfish motive in thus obtruding my company; but I trust I shall obtain your pardon and indulgence when I explain myself more fully. You mentioned my Fanny's being a widow, but without giving me any clue

by which I might discover her present residence, or even disclosing her name. Now, being myself a widower, and not being over desirous of remaining such, it occurred to me that could I, through your friendly agency, obtain an introduction, though, as you observe, the romance of love is over, I might as an old friend be received into favor, and—and——” “I understand you,” said the lady laughing, “you think and hope that ‘the heart that has truly loved, never forgets.’ Well, perhaps, it may be so; but probably you are not aware of the great personal change which so many intervening years must have effected on you both. You, perhaps, picture her to your mind’s eye, agile, blooming, and sprightly, as she was at eighteen, and finding her the reverse of all this, might effect a wonderful revolution in your feelings.” “Why, I grant it might for a moment,” returned the officer, after a thoughtful pause, “and but for your timely caution, I should, perhaps, have made myself ridiculous; but see, madam, these scanty locks, so abundantly besprinkled with grey, were of a fine glossy chesnut color when Fanny last saw them, and with an active pair of well-matched legs, I led her a willing partner down the sprightly dance. Time and accident have wrought some changes here too, and yet somehow I do not despair.” “Then if she were willing, perhaps, you would play the fool, and marry her.” “For pity’s sake, do not let her ever hear of that inconsiderate expression,—the last spark of professional levity, which I would wish extinguished for ever.” “Nay,” replied the lady, with a significant smile, “let it not be totally extinguished, for though it may not have power to kindle a flame, it may revive the dying embers of affection, and impart a genial warmth to the bosom wherein esteem and friendship rest.” “You are right, madam,” returned the officer, with animation, “and I should be happy in an opportunity of convincing your friend, that esteem is at least more permanent than love.” The lady smiled, and deliberately taking off her spectacles, looked him full in the face, saying, “Had not your mind been pre-occupied with the image of Fanny Somers, such as you knew her at eighteen, I think, notwithstanding the alteration occasioned by the loss of a few teeth, a different style of dress, and a less blooming complexion, you might have recognized her at forty-eight!” The

officer bent forward, scrutinized her features, and then grasped her hand, with an exclamation of joyful surprise. "It is, it is my own Fanny! how could I be so stupid? you certainly are not so very much altered; but those odious glasses completely disguised you:—and you knew me all the time?" It may be naturally concluded, that the officer did not refuse an invitation to tea with the widow; and we may also presume to guess, that she did not refuse the offer of his hand, which he made that same evening.

YOUTHS OF JOMSBURG.

THERE is a northern tradition, that Harold, King of Denmark, founded a city, which he called Jomsburg, and sent thither a colony of young Danes, under the command of Paluxtokes. This leader forbade his followers, even in the most imminent danger, to pronounce the word fear; he would have his people fight and die without yielding. Some youths from Jomsburg having attacked a Norwegian, were, after a very obstinate contest, made prisoners, and condemned to death. Far from dreading it, they contemplated it with joy, and the first of them said, with an unmoved countenance, "Why should I not share the same fate as my father? he died, and so must I." A warrior, named Torchill, asked the second, what he thought. He answered, That he knew the laws of Jomsburg too well to speak a word at which his enemies might rejoice. A third gave for answer to the same question, That he rejoiced at his honorable death, and infinitely preferred it to a shameful life like that of Torchill. The fourth spoke still more plainly: "I suffer death with pleasure, and the hour is agreeable to me." The fifth and sixth died, while bidding their enemies defiance. At last came the seventh, who was a youth of great beauty. When Torchill asked him, if he feared death, he answered, "No; I suffer it willingly, because I have fulfilled the highest duty in life, and have seen all those die before me, whom I would have been sorry to have survived."

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

MANY of your readers, along with myself, have often regretted the decease of the good "Old Woman" who enriched your pages with many a useful lesson and sage advice, which I have no doubt proved beneficial and amusing to those of our sex who perused them, and I trust, that many have reduced most of her good maxims into practice, and I should be extremely sorry to find, that the efforts of so good a mind should prove to be of little or no avail. It is the business of the moralist to instruct by example as well as precept, and I have very frequently wished, while she was alive, that her modesty would have allowed her to make herself known, in order that some traits of her character, her virtue, and prudence, might have been appealed to as an example to all of her sex; for I can vouch from my early acquaintance with her, that she well knew the world, and studied much the human mind; and was very solicitous for the improvement of all, especially of her own sex, as she often used to say, that from all her reading and experience in life, she had ever found that females had a greater influence in society than most were aware of, and that much, indeed, depended, as to their own comfort and that of the other sex, upon their virtues and prudent behaviour. Were I at liberty to make her known to your readers, I would most cheerfully comply with their wish, but as it was her desire to "do good by stealth," I cannot, without violating the trust of a worthy friend, reveal her name, therefore I hope they will rest satisfied with some particulars of her life, which I most ardently pray we could all imitate, for amidst all the vicissitudes of it, she maintained such an equanimity of mind that she was the admiration of all who had the pleasure of knowing or conversing with her. Mr. R—, the father of this worthy lady, being a careful and pious man, and possessing a well-informed mind, was consequently very attentive to his young charge; in her earliest years he took the charge of her instruction upon himself; and she being naturally very affectionate, quickly imbibed the lessons of a fond parent, who was inexpressibly delighted to see his efforts so very successful. In her fourth year, she was sent to a neighbor-

ing day-school, in the town, and with her own attention, the care of her teacher, and the assistance of her anxious father, at the age of five years, she could read the sacred writings very correctly; for that was one of the chief books then perused in the schools in that vicinity. After remaining a few years at this school, Mr. R. though rather fearful of resigning his young charge to another, at a distance from himself, was induced from his knowledge of a prudent, if not pious lady, who kept a respectable boarding-school, to send her there, persuaded from his perception of her well-turned mind, that she would remain uncorrupted, if temptation should assail her; nor was he disappointed in his confidence. Her correspondence with her father while there, renewed his satisfaction and strengthened his hopes. The account she gave of the instructions she received, and the improvement she was making, added daily to his pleasures. The narrative she at times gave him of the amusements and foibles of her companions, convinced him that she was thoughtful, and also amused him; and the correspondence he held with her mistress assured him that she was looked upon as a young monitress by the others, and her young advice so sweetly given, was sometimes of effect when that of her mistress would not prevail. Under the care of this prudent matron, she remained above three years, and returned home to her parents, much improved in mind and in person, in her fourteenth year. In person she was rather small, but very pretty, and her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so much beyond what might have been expected in one so young, that it is not to be thought strange that she was both loved and admired. Some even doubted the word of her parents as to her age, and had they not been persons of undoubted probity, they would have required an extract from the parish register to confirm their assertion. Such influence had her endowments upon the other sex, who had opportunities of seeing her, that she was not long without importunities to leave her father's house for one of her own; but these she generally referred to her parent, as without his advice and sanction, she would never enter into such a serious engagement as marriage. Among other suitors who eagerly sought her heart and hand, was a clergyman who had a small living a few miles distant. A short ac-

quaintance, improved by a considerable correspondence; convinced Miss R—— that he entertained a true affection for her; and his conversation and disposition being of that sort which suited her own, she, at last, after earnest consultation with her ever loving and beloved parents, gave her consent to join her hand with his in the sacred bond of matrimony, and at the early age of seventeen she became a wife, and what is more to be desired, a happy one. He was really a father to his flock, and she, though young, was soon looked up to as a mother. They were “mutual helps” to each other in domestic affairs, and also in that of the particular charge committed to him. In short, they exhibited a pattern in public and in private that commanded respect, and invited imitation. Their chief pleasures were domestic, and although they both gave and received visits, yet their minds were most satisfied when by themselves, holding converse of things worthy the attention of immortal beings. In this happy state they lived for many years; the only interruption it experienced arose from her illness. Being of a delicate constitution, and becoming so early a mother, and her family encreasing to the number of nine, the care and anxiety consequent upon such a charge, frequently brought her very low, yet amidst all the pain she endured, I never knew a murmur or word of complaint escape her lips; her view of the justness of Divine Providence fully satisfied her mind, that He doeth all things well, and afflicteth none willingly, or only for their ultimate good. It pleased the Disposer of Events to deprive her of the society of her husband, after about twenty-seven years’ union, to her great grief, and a severe loss to the church of which he had the charge. Thus left a widow with seven children alive, she must now make way for a successor to her husband in his house and charge. She therefore returned with her family to her native place, where her father had left her two houses; one of which she in part occupied; and her eldest son being bred for the church, but not having taken orders, and finding an opening in the town by succeeding to a good school, he embraced the profession of a teacher at the age of twenty-one, in order that he might get into immediate employment, and remain near his surviving parent, to comfort her, and assist in rearing the family, of which he was now become, as it were, the

head. This young man exhibited a specimen of self-denial in remaining so many as nearly thirty years in a single state, in order that he might look after his mother, and that family he considered now as his own, not very common in these times. As I often visited this family, I could not but remark the good understanding that subsisted among this little community, and the veneration in which the parent was held, and the alacrity with which her *requests* were complied with, for I scarcely can call to mind ever hearing her express a wish in form of a command. She read much to the family, even when unable to rise from a sick bed, and occasionally amusing herself by committing to paper many thoughts as they were suggested in the course of her reading, and from her well-stored mind she could always supply ideas and language for whatever subject she wished to write or speak of.

She lived on in this state of parental enjoyment, pleasing and pleased, although enjoying but little health, possessing *all* her soul in patience; giving to the female world at times some of her ideas and experience for their improvement and imitation, (by which I fondly hope some of us have been benefited,) until her seventy-third year, her mental vision undimmed, and her natural sight so unimpaired, as to render the use of assistant glasses quite unnecessary to read even the smallest print. But nature was otherwise exhausted, and like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was ready to be gathered, willing to obey, yet patiently awaiting the call to rest from her labors. She had for a long time been afflicted with that painful disease, the cramp, which seemed fixed in her limbs; but gaining upwards, it reached the stomach, and a second attack proved mortal, depriving a family of a revered parent, and society of a virtuous, pious, and accomplished woman. The manner of her death was like the tenor of her life, placidly serene. She had long seen death as near her, and feared him not, but welcomed him as the messenger of Heaven to her soul, which she confidently resigned into the hands of Him whose goodness she had experienced, and gratefully acknowledged. May my end be like her's. I could say much more to her praise; but trust, that the above is sufficient to excite to imitation;

And I remain, your's with regard,

FIDELIA.

sweetest flow'r, and from this hour, Live henceforth

in my heart, live henceforth in my heart. No flow'r that

blows is like is like this rose, No flow'r that

blows, is like is like this rose.

No. III.

Helen.

A BALLAD.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—The meeting of the Waters.

*Scherzando.**sf.*

gal - lop'd in haste o'er the glade, And his

The words written by William Lloyd

steed and his mas - ter were gai - ly ar -

ray'd, And bright was his form, And

blythe was his air, In his hat was seen flowing the

gift of his fair. In his hat was seen flowing the

gift of his fair.

THE LOST FALCON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 16.)

HER aunt, terrified at not finding her in her chamber, had followed her thither, and not knowing the cause of Clara's dismay, was shocked at the deadly paleness of her face, and the hollow wildness of her eyes. She descended with her, and tried to soothe her by every consolation and kindness in her power. But Clara soon found, that even the day was to have its peculiar horrors. After breakfast, of which she partook to avoid the appearance of singularity, she sprang up suddenly, exclaiming, "Ah! there he is at last." "Who?" demanded her aunt. "My dear, lost husband," frantically replied she; "do you not hear him?" upon this she rushed into the garden, calling upon her dear Albrecht, and searching for him in every recess of its winding alleys; but receiving no answer, she returned wringing her hands, and sunk into her chair in a perfect state of insensibility. She had experienced the same deceit as in the night before, and heard Albrecht's voice, busied in the falconry, only she thought the cries of the animals were more piercing than usual. Her friends, persuaded as to the madness of her assertions, vainly attempted to overcome her fears by every argument in their power. She was too certain of the terrible reality to be convinced she was in error; and taking a book, was left once more alone to meditate on the late extraordinary occurrences. The cries of the falcons and hounds, with the occasional chiding voice of her husband, continued distinctly throughout the day; but as often as she hastened down in the fond expectation of meeting him, so often was she cruelly deceived, for not even a trace of what she heard was to be found. Until this time she had avoided the summer-house, from the scene that had there taken place, with all its direful consequences, being still fresh in her memory; but as it could not be more terrible to her than her own chamber, she re-

tired thither towards the evening. The shadow, that she had before so much dreaded, she now prayed for as a blessing, as she knew it must be the forerunner of Albrecht's happy return. "Alas!" said she, sighing, when the sun had just reached the point at which it usually appeared, "alas! to-day I fear the dark resemblance will not come to warn me of his much-wished approach." The words had scarce died on her lips, when the gigantic shadow stalked in a bent, and melancholy attitude across the accustomed wall. She then with heartfelt joy sprang to the window, stretching out her arms more to welcome the sight than to protect her from its approach. She hastened to the wall, that she might not be again deceived; the shadow had not yet passed, and with her hands before her eyes, dreading to search for that she most wished to find, she precipitately left the room. Clara was met by Count Rudolph, to all appearance just arrived from a long journey. "O God!" exclaimed the agitated Clara, "have you seen my husband?" Rudolph took her hand, and gazing on her mournfully, broke by degrees the dreadful news that Albrecht had expired in his arms at eleven the night before, at a strange inn, where he had by chance found him; and that he just came in time to soothe the last moments of his dying friend. A dreadful shudder thrilled through Clara's veins, as she called to mind that eleven was the hour when she first heard the rustling noise in her chamber. With a faltering voice, she asked, how Albrecht had spent the last minutes of his life. "At his earnest request," replied Rudolph, "a priest attended him, at the sight of whom, the mysterious stranger, who tore him from your arms, departed enraged, showering imprecations on the head of her repentant victim. Through me, he entreats your forgiveness for the past, in the hopes of which he departed in peace." "Forgive him," cried Clara, bursting into an agony of grief, "yes, that I do, from my heart; it would ill befit a sinner like me to withhold forgiveness from one, who after a life of misery and woe has been mercifully received into the bosom of his Creator, through a timely repentance, and reconciliation with the holy church. You, my dear friend, have, and ever must, retain my warmest thanks for your kindness." "And now," said Rudolph, "let

me give you some few last lines from him you hold so dear. I should not have interrupted your unfeigned sorrow, by presenting them now, had it not been the dying request of poor Albrecht." "Why not?" replied Clara, stifling her grief, "all that comes from him must be dear to me: give me the letter." She opened it with a trembling hand, and having bedewed it with a stream of tears, read the following words:—

"Dear Clara,

"I die in hopes of your forgiveness, and therefore die happy. How well could the bearer repay you for all the pain and anxiety I have caused; believe me, my love, I should leave this world with less regret did I know you safe in the love and protection of my friend. Farewell, my beloved wife, as I trust we shall meet hereafter.

"ALBRECHT VON SINNERN."

"Rudolph," said the weeping Clara, "although my husband's wishes must be dear to me, I have still more sacred duties to perform. At present, I can give no decisive answer. My heart, torn by such a succession of fearful incidents, knows not at present how to decide; but you shall hear from me soon."

The effects of the exasperated Christallina's threat did not, however, cease to pursue their intended victim, and worn down by terror and grief, she at length sought refuge in the convent she had been brought up at, and after a time, recovered a portion of that serenity of mind and calmness of spirit, which a pious observance of holy exercises never fails to pour as a balm on the wounded soul; but she never was wholly herself again. She, of course, refused Count Rudolph's hand, although she held him in the highest esteem. Poor Clara lived many years at this convent in seeming peace, beloved by the Abbess, who being a particular friend of her deceased mother, cherished her as a daughter, and admired by all those who knew her, as well for her kind and benevolent conduct, as for her mild and unassuming manners.

AZIM.

GIANTS.—AN ESSAY.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT giants have existed, I think can scarcely be doubted; but whether they ever formed a *distinct* race, or were merely formed by the freaks of nature, has long been the subject of disquisition. The ancients speak of giants as familiarly known, but their errors on other subjects have been so gross, that we can hardly place any reliance on their relations, and as most old writers speak merely from the circumstance of skeletons having been dug up, and as it is well known, that anatomical knowledge was then in its infancy, it is more than probable, that they mistook the bones of animals for those of men.

An European woman, named Madalena de Nigueza, emigrated to South America, and married an Indian in Carthagena, with him she travelled to his native village, near the wild and savage countries of Guanoas and Chiquitos. She and her husband were made prisoners by the barbarous borderers, and carried many hundred miles to the south, where they were exchanged for other commodities in the course of traffic. At their last place of destination, they found the inhabitants alarmed by an incursion of an army of giants. The Indians attempted not flight, but concealment. The enemy at length appeared; they consisted of four hundred men, the lowest being nine feet, and the tallest about eleven feet in height; their features were handsome, their forms muscular and well proportioned, their voices deep, clear, and sonorous, and they were of a merciful and benign disposition. The giants took her to their country, where she lived four years; the women she described as being about six feet and a half high. This woman escaped from them, and travelled down the western shore, which bounds the pacific ocean, and was brought off by a Spanish bark to Europe. She was examined in every way on the subject, and always adhered to the tale, with all the appearance of veracity; in-

deed, she could have no probable motive for propagating a falsehood.

Some Dutch voyagers relate, that near the straits of Magellan, they saw men whose stature exceeded ten feet, and who wore no covering but a kind of short cloak hanging over their shoulders. They seemed anxious to come on board the ships, but the seamen fired upon them, by which two or three were killed. Upon this they began to tear down the trees, to form a rampart for defence.

In Legan County, Kentucky, about the year 1804, a bone thus described was dug up:—"Half of a skull bone has been found in sinking one of Capt. Berry's salt-wells deeper, it weighs 246lbs. *the eye-hole is so large, that a man of common size can creep through it*; the bone is sound and entire round this aperture, though decayed in some other parts, the nostril appears to have been immensely large, but the cavity of brain is not larger than a pint bowl. Some of the double-teeth have been found weighing *six pounds* each!

Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, (about 1615) states, that he found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove them, discovered human skeletons eleven feet in length. This in some measure corroborates the account of the Dutch voyagers.

The Greeks described Orestes eleven feet and a half high. The giant who was shewn at Rouen, in 1735-6, called "the Norman Giant," was eight feet six or seven inches, and the celebrated Irish giant was of the same height.

Sir Hans Sloane, who admits the fact of skeletons twenty-five, nay, thirty feet long, having been discovered, supposes them to have been those of whales, or other large fishes. Now this argument is most absurd. The skeleton of a whale consisting principally of one long bone, to which the others are attached, and, of course, having neither legs, nor arms nor any bones that can in the slightest degree resemble them.

The discovering skeletons, admitting them to be human, I am not at all inclined to think any proof of a *nation* of giants having ever existed; but the evidence of Madalena de Nigueza, the Dutch voyagers, and Jacob le Maire, seems conclusive.

About 1796, one T. Jessop Farrubria published a work at Madrid, called *Giganthologia*; it is extremely curious, containing a number of instances which almost compel a belief, that, at one time at least, a race of giants existed. This work has, I believe, never been translated.

One answer that may be given to these observations is, that the Pongo (the animal that Linneus calls the "Nocturnal Man," and which is a large species of the Orang-outang) is an inhabitant of the very parts where these giants have been seen. Now between the skeleton of a common ape, there is a great affinity to that of the human species, and as nearer approaching to mankind in size, the bones of the Pongo might be mistaken for those of a man. Battel describes the Pongo as being of gigantic stature and extraordinary strength; and here he differs from Linneus, who says he is smaller than man. Battel further says, the Pongo scarcely differs from man, excepting being larger, and having no calves to his legs, and that he lives entirely on fruits. This animal is seldom seen, and many doubt its existence, and I confess, I think it requires greater credulity to believe in the existence of a race of such animals than in those of giants; for knowing what a vast portion of the world yet remains undiscovered by Europeans, it does not seem incredible that countries may exist where the foot of the traveller has never trod, where the eager eye of discovery has not extended, and that those countries may be inhabited by a race of beings differing in stature from ourselves. Supposing our discoveries never to have extended beyond Europe, it would have required some stretch of imagination to believe that there existed myriads of beings differing in complexion with ourselves; time and discoveries have taught us this, and time may yet unfold many more wonderful deviations in the human race. The incursion of the seas on some coasts and desertion from others, may have caused these beings to emigrate from, or retire to, a distant part of a country that they formerly inhabited.

It has often been urged, that the giants which have been seen of late years, have been defective in strength, and it is therefore presumed that those of old were weak in their bodies. This I admit was the case with Mr. O'Brien the Irish giant; but he was constitutionally a valetudinarian, and would

have been so in all probability, had he even not been of the height he was. Maximin, the Roman Emperor, was prodigiously strong; nay, I could enumerate many others who were equally so. Most of our readers have doubtless noticed a gentleman in the streets of London, who is in one of the learned professions, of remarkable stature. Mr. W—— will, I am sure, forgive me thus pressing him into notice; but though seven feet and a half in height, he is exceedingly muscular and strong, and capable of greater exertion than a man of moderate size.

I shall conclude these remarks with an extract from a letter from Col. Simeon Thompson, of the county of Kerry, Ireland, to Mr. Berry of Douglas, written in 1785; of the authenticity of the facts there mentioned, there is not the smallest doubt.

“I ordered two men to go down to the bottom of a well I was sinking; it was dug about twenty feet perpendicular, but no water appeared; I was resolved however to go on with it, and try how far I could penetrate before a spring was found. We dug accordingly forty-eight feet further, when something like a vapour coming out we drew up the men, and desisted for about an hour, when the smoke ceasing, the two men again descended, and penetrated about three feet more; they found on the north-east side a hollow way, arched over, in a very curious manner, with sticks and clay; they had courage to enter, for there was room sufficient for a man to walk upright, and they proceeded for about ten yards in an oblique direction, when they heard a noise something like the chattering of a number of jays. This affrighted them so much, that they returned, and we drew them up. I then descended with my brother Stephen, and we went through this subterraneous passage into a large space, where lay a most curious stone-coffin, of an enormous size. With some difficulty we got off the lid, and saw a human form twelve feet eleven inches and three-quarters long; all but the head and neck tightly swathed in a pitched skin of some large animal. On touching the face with my finger, it fell into a kind of yellowish ashes, and separated near the sternum; the rest remained firm. We returned in amazement, got up in the bucket, sent the men down, had the bottom of the well widened so as to admit seven people,

and then, by the assistance of pullies, &c. we raised the coffin, and got it up. When it came into the air, the skin in which the body was clothed became by degrees from a black to a perfectly white color. We opened it, and the body and arms of a woman appeared quite perfect and sound. On the thumb of the right hand was a very curious cornelian in the form of a ring, and on it, as well as inside the lid of the coffin, were these cyphers,—O. O. O. X. O. X. X. X. We have put the body in spirits of wine, and intend to send it to Dublin, as a present to the University. We could never discover, nor can we form any conjecture, from what cause the noise which the two men heard, arose, except it was what their fears created. There are many traditionary stories of giants in this part of Ireland, and this discovery makes them all fact among the common people, who are descending and ascending the well from sun-rise to sun-set every day."

A reflection naturally arises from the consideration of this subject; i. e. presuming that nations of giants did exist, would the earth be sufficiently productive to afford them subsistence. Maximin, we are told, consumed daily forty pounds of meat; now all giants certainly might not have an appetite like that of Maximin; but presuming that they had, the consequences may be easily seen:—England contains 49,450 square miles, i. e. 31,684,000 acres, and allowing one-fifth of this to be unfit for the purposes of cultivation, there remains 25,300,000 acres.

A man is supposed to consume annually, the produce of rather more than three acres and a half of land; that is, half an acre for bread, a quarter ditto for beer, or ale, &c. one-fiftieth ditto for vegetables, and two and a half for animal food; thirty-nine or forty stone of which each man is computed to devour; but when we consider that a much less proportion is consumed by women and children, we may take the average and consumption at three acres each person; and on that supposition, 8,430,000 persons can subsist in England; but presuming this nation to be peopled with giants, all devouring as much as the Roman Emperor is reported to have done, England would be only capable of supporting about 220,000 of such inhabitants.

But extending this subject to the world at large, we find the globe has been calculated to contain 32,651,127,680 acres

of land fit for the purposes of cultivation, (the sandy deserts and other places unfit for vegetation being omitted in this calculation.) Presuming the world to be peopled to the extent of the beings it is capable of maintaining, there would be 10,889,709,226, or (as it will be more intelligible to your fair readers), ten thousand, eight hundred, and eighty-nine millions, and upwards, of persons. Sir W. Petty calculated the number of mankind in the whole world at 350 millions; it has been since estimated at nearly 400 millions, which is, perhaps, the best calculation. The world thus gives upwards of seventy-nine acres to every individual; so that, if three acres be sufficient for an individual, the world could contain nearly twenty-seven times its present occupiers; but if peopled by *Maximins*, it could only support about *two-thirds* of the number it does at present. This seems a powerful argument against the existence of any nation of giants, unless they occupied a very large and fertile district, and that (as is the case with large animals) they were less prolific than mankind in general.

Some of the anecdotes in the foregoing essay, are taken from an ingenious work now scarce, called "Anecdotes and Biography," by L. S. Rede, 1 vol. 8vo. 1799, where the reader will find a very entertaining article under this head.

WAGES LIKE A KING'S.

IN one of the journeys of Louis XI. of France, he went into the kitchen of an inn where he was not known, and observing a lad turning a spit, asked his name, and what he was. The lad with great simplicity answered, that his name was Berringer; that he was, indeed, not a very great man, but that still he got as much as the King of France. "And what, my lad, does the King of France get?" said Louis. "His wages," replied the boy, "which he holds from God, as I hold mine from the king." Louis was so pleased with this answer, that he took the boy with him, and gave him a situation to attend on his person.

A COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE MANNERS OF MANKIND A CENTURY AGO, AND
THE PRESENT GENERATION.

It is impossible to read the productions of our best authors at the commencement of the eighteenth century, without being struck at the great similarity of the prevailing habits and manners of mankind at that period and the present. It should seem that the passions of men have nearly the same influence upon them in all ages, and are only varied according to the education, customs, and manners of the country in which they chance to be born, including the difference of civil and religious polity;—in fact, that we enter upon the stage of life, and run the same career of blindness and folly as our forefathers; are impelled by the same hopes, the same fears, fall into the same errors, and bring on ourselves the same ruin and destruction, without ever reaping the smallest advantage from the experience of those who have gone before us; nay, without even taking a lesson from the mistakes of those who are cotemporary with us; but rush forward in our mad career, without ever pausing to reflect, till we feel the consequences of our rashness and precipitancy; and that often when it is too late to retrieve the ruin we have brought on ourselves, and are no longer able to profit by our experience. Advice is but a slight restraint upon our actions, while we are surrounded by those who set us a bad example; when the air is infectious, it is impossible to escape the contagion; and unless the higher classes of society will hold up the mirror of irreproachable conduct, and reflect its lustre and beauty on those beneath them, we shall in vain hope to find it amongst the middling and lower orders of the people, who will thence suppose it to be of no real value in itself, but only as it may serve to keep them in a due state of subjection and subordination. Without, therefore, attempting to account for this strange fatality in human nature, or stopping to enquire why men do not advance and improve as much and as progressively in moral actions as they have done in centuries past in every

species of knowledge, it may be useful to draw a comparison between the manners of our forefathers, who lived a hundred years before us, and the present generation.

A celebrated writer of that time, of great acuteness and discernment, descanting upon the general depravity of all classes, observes, "that hardly one in a hundred among our people of quality, or gentry, appear to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse;" that the army and navy, and the vulgar are profane and irreligious; "the consequences of all which upon the actions of men are equally manifest; they never go about, as in former times, to hide and palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view, like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world, or themselves." For instance, he tells you, that men make no scruple or ceremony to avow their intention of getting drunk, or of going to abandoned women. They will swear, curse, or blaspheme, without the least provocation. "And though all regard for reputation is not quite laid aside in the other sex, it is, however, at so low an ebb, that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of absolute necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass, that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places with those of the nicest virtue, who pay and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple; which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence; it looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice, as if a woman were allowed to be vicious, provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends, and infamy begins; or that a hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.


"Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play, or gaming; the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies, among the men; among the women, the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passions, and lastly, (the known inlet to all lewdness), when, after an ill run, the person must answer the defects of the

purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play, as it does in law—*Quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*"

Now if this passage were modernised, it applies so directly to the present state of society and manners, that no one would imagine it had been written more than a century ago. It is needless to give examples; persons of experience and observation know that it is a true picture, not only of past, but present times; and even those who do not mix with the world have opportunities of judging from the scenes which are daily developed in the trials for crim. con. by an attentive perusal of our daily prints, and the dissolute manners to be met with in the common intercourse of life.

The only difference between the period alluded to and the present is—that then the nation was shamelessly barefaced in its outrages on decency and morals, while now they are more polished and civilized; the men less given to oaths and vulgar expressions; the women more reserved in their behaviour; and both men and women more refined in their pleasures; and think it necessary to keep up the exterior of decency and morality in their conduct, though they make no scruple to violate every principle of honor and integrity in their private and more intimate intercourse and familiarity with each other. The only construction one can put upon such conduct is—that so long as they can preserve appearances, and make the world believe that they are upright, they may commit every crime under heaven, and run into every kind of excess, with impunity. With them publicity constitutes crime, in other words, that crime is no crime till it is made public; and they bend to public opinion only because it interferes with their private interest and temporal welfare. And even this has its use; for the mere semblance of virtue is better than a barefaced neglect of it; but it unfortunately happens, that the veil thrown over their conduct is too flimsy; it is seen through even by ordinary observers; and further exposed by the numerous trials for adultery, seduction, bigamy, &c. so that the real disregard of all moral ties in our fashionable circles is but too apparent, and in the other classes but too prevalent; and the frequent detection of impostors leads to a suspicion of those who seem well-disposed.

To stem this torrent of depravity, the efforts of the church

have been unavailing; and though the influence of example has been constantly pointed out, and strongly enforced to the higher classes by men eminent for their piety, learning, and abilities, it has not been attended to; and therefore it remains with the people to reform themselves; and the only way to effect this is, by well-disposed persons at the head of a family setting a good example, being watchful over their children and dependants that they form no improper connexions, and obliging them diligently to observe the Sabbath, and at other times not to keep irregular hours, under any pretence whatever. We know of no other effectual remedy; and certainly the well-disposed might bring about a great change of manners, were they diligently to undertake the great work of reform, and to use the kindness and persuasion of a tender friend in their remonstrances, rather than the zeal and intolerance of a furious bigot. Well meaning persons are frequently mistaken in the means they take to attain their purposes, and should remember, that this is one of the principal reasons they so often fail. 

THE CHOICE.

A QUAKER, residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new-year's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs, or the bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you too take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labor and industry." "As you say the book is good, I will take it and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

IBRAIM.

A PERSIAN TALE.

An uninterrupted peace reigned for many years in Schiras, the capital of Farsistan, one of the most fertile provinces of Persia; the happy inhabitants enjoyed every blessing which a wise and virtuous prince could procure for his subjects. Such was Ibraim; the wisdom and prudence of whose legislation maintained the peace of his kingdom, and secured the felicity of his people. He kept a watchful eye over the conduct of his ministers, that justice might be strictly and impartially dealt to all, and encouraged every improvement in agriculture and the arts. By a just distribution of rewards, and a due infliction of punishments, security and independence had hitherto been established throughout his empire. The people were still in the height of their prosperity, and with grateful hearts imploring blessings on their prince, by whose wisdom they had been thus raised and maintained in so flourishing a state, when news arrived, which threw them into the greatest alarm, and even threatened the safety of the empire. The haughty Tamerlane, whose victories had rendered him the terror of Asia, was approaching with a numerous and powerful army, still further to extend the boundary of his dominions, and to increase the number of his conquests by the subjugation of Schiras. Having received but too certain confirmation of their fears, Ibraim, more anxious for the security of his people than apprehensive of his own degradation, or probable loss of power, immediately assembled his council, that with them he might deliberate on the best means of averting the impending danger. Osmin, general in chief of the army, promptly decided in favor of war; he affirmed, that it was in the field only they could avenge themselves, and humble the pride of the imperious Tamerlane. "There is not one amongst us, O king!" said he, "who would not willingly shed his blood for thee and thy children, his family and his country; the haughty Tamerlane shall find how difficult it is to conquer men determined to sacrifice their lives, rather than submit

to the yoke of tyranny." Usbec, keeper of the royal treasures, then arose, and said, "First of all, oh, sire! I offer thee my blood, my life itself, should you determine on giving battle to the enemy as the most probable means of security to thee, and to thy people; but an army so numerous, and flushed by such repeated victories, how can our people, so far inferior in numbers, and by a long peace now unfitted for war, hope to oppose with an effectual resistance? Peace appears to me far more desirable, if from the insatiable Tamerlane such terms can be obtained as shall secure the happiness and independance of thy people; on the contrary, should his offers be derogatory to thy dignity, and subversive of the freedom of thy subjects, then seek thy safety in flight, and solicit in some distant country an asylum for thyself and thy treasures; we will faithfully follow thy steps, whithersoever thou mayest please to direct them. Tamerlane will not long remain in a country abandoned by its inhabitants, ambition will lead him to some new conquest; and when the storm is past, heaven in mercy to our prayers will direct our return, and permit us to inhabit our ancient dwellings."

Much difference of opinion arose between the two parties; some were for opposing force and intrepidity to the power of the enemy, and some for avoiding the danger by flight. Having attentively heard the sentiments of both parties, Ibraim arose. "I admire," said he, "the courage and valor of those who are ready thus bravely to risk their lives for me, and for their country: and this proof of their attachment would, if it were possible, increase my affection towards them; but that affection will not permit me to hazard the safety of those I so truly value. Flight might ultimately preserve my power; but how much more would it heighten the cruel anger of Tamerlane against those who may remain, the unhappy victims of his ungovernable fury. Heaven be praised! an idea suggests itself to me, by which I hope to ensure the happiness and independance of my beloved people. You shall shortly be made acquainted with my plans; meanwhile I entreat your fervent prayers to heaven, for the success of my endeavors." The prince having dismissed his council, immediately began collecting rich gifts of every description, and with these prepared to meet Ta-

merlane, with the view of obtaining security and protection for his people.

Tamerlane had ordered and established a custom in his court, that all gifts presented to him should be nine in number. Ibraim, aware of this custom, had strictly conformed to its rules. On approaching Tamerlane, he presented him with nine beautiful horses, richly caparisoned with pearls and gold; nine leopards, trained to the chase, each ornamented with curious collars of gold; nine Indian carpets, embroidered by the most skilful artisans; nine vases of gold, containing the most precious gems; with many more gifts all equally rich, and of superior workmanship; for the last, he presented him with some slaves, but of these there were but eight. "Where is the other slave?" fiercely demanded the Tartar king. "He is at your feet," said Ibraim, prostrating himself before him, "you have not a more submissive or faithful slave than I will prove myself, and lightly will sit my chains, if by them I can obtain safety and protection for my disconsolate people. Alas! on them alone have pity; and may you be secure from all danger. Of me dispose as you please, I am now thine."

The naturally ferocious heart of Tamerlane, became instantly changed by this proof of virtue and patriotism. Courteously raising him, he said, "Such virtue is far from meriting slavery; thou shalt be the first among my most intimate friends; I will consider thee as my brother—as my father. Return joyfully to thy people, continue to render them as happy as hitherto. Had my fate not called me to a higher and more turbulent destiny, I should have known no greater gratification than that of reigning over a small kingdom, and in every respect imitating thee.

L. Y. R.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

NATURE DISPLAYED IN HER MODE OF TEACHING LANGUAGE TO MAN; being a new and infallible method of acquiring language with unparelled rapidity; deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity: adopted to the French, by N. G. Dufief. Fifth edition, 8vo. Longman and Co.

WHEN men of ability devote the whole of their talents and time to the furtherance of any pursuit which has public or private advantage in view, they are at least entitled to respect, and their labors and pretensions have an undoubted right to attention and investigation. Such is the case in the present instance. Mr. Dufief, a native of France, and a descendant of an illustrious house which suffered greatly in the late Revolution, has submitted to the world a plan for the teaching of the French language, (the fruit of many years consideration and experience) which he asserts to be as infallible as it is original. It is not in our power to examine his claims as they deserve, or as we hope to see them in works whose province it is to consider them with minute attention, and therefore we must confine ourselves to general observations only. That the present is an enlightened age, is the boast of all; and few will be inclined to dispute, that education among all ranks is the rage and order of the day. How far this may contribute to the general good of society (pursued as it now is) it is not our intention to enquire; but since the fact is unquestionable, it becomes a matter of serious importance to pursue such methods as combine improvement with economy, and conduce most rapidly and permanently to the end proposed. This Mr. Dufief, in the plan before us, appears to have accomplished; pursuing nature closely, he has produced a system of instruction applicable, not only to the French language, but to every other branch of education, the superiority of which over every other strikes us with great force, and which we believe requires only to be duly considered to be thoroughly established. The volumes before us, which contain an elucidation of the plan, are ad-

mirably written, and bear intrinsic evidence of abilities of the very first order, of a thorough knowledge of the powers of the human understanding, of extensive information, and acute penetration. The plan itself has our decided approbation, and the more so, as, attracted by its novelty and the high assertions of its projector, we have attended one of Mr. Dufief's schools, and we are ourselves eye-witnesses of the extraordinary progress of his pupils, and consequently of the merit of the method by which this progress had been acquired. We therefore earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of the work to our readers in general, and especially to all who are interested either publicly or privately in the education of youth. Genius has always difficulties to encounter and prejudices to overcome, which usually rise in proportion to its greatness and originality; but notwithstanding it rarely fails to force its way through all opposition, and though others, indeed, too frequently reap the advantage of its exertions, and the tribute of praise is accorded when neither censure can offend nor commendation delight, yet a sure, though tardy, recompence awaits it. We have little doubt that Mr. Dufief's plan will ultimately be universally adopted, and for the honor of the individual most particularly concerned, and for the benefit of society in general, we heartily wish it all the success it appears to us to deserve. We are compelled to abstain from entering into any particulars respecting it, and must therefore content ourselves with saying, that it is so simple, that the most unlearned must comprehend and profit by it, and yet so complete, that the wisest must be struck with its utility, and find little to suggest, either as an improvement or an addition. It has already made great progress in America, Asia, and in our own metropolis. Mr. Dufief has refuted the several objections that have been urged against his plan, and as a specimen of the arguments he has used in its defence, we subjoin the following extract. It is made without selection; the whole of the Introduction, or Developement, as it is styled, is written in a most masterly manner.

"Objection I. That the ordinary mode of communicating language, by the study of grammar, is entirely discarded, and the grammar rendered merely an accessory, and not a principal.

"In considering this objection, it is necessary, first, to enquire, what is the nature of grammar. Does grammar contain the materials of language? Certainly not. Phrases constitute the materials of language, without which it is impossible to speak or write. Does grammar teach orthoëpy or pronunciation, orthography or spelling, or the different meanings of words apparently synonymous, without the knowledge of which, neither accuracy nor correctness can exist? Does it secure from barbarisms, or modes of expression foreign, and of course hostile, to the genius of the language on which it treats? Unquestionably not. Ought not, therefore, the man of common sense to be astonished, that grammars should have so long improperly been called "books that teach the art of speaking and writing correctly," an extensive faculty which they neither contain nor impart. To confound grammar in this way with language, and *vice versa*, is a strange perversion of ideas. Instead of saying, that language is taught by grammar, we ought to say that grammar is taught by language. The real value of grammar is, principally, to teach the accidence, and how to avoid solecisms, or false construction. Another advantage which has not been noticed, and which I deem a very great one, is the following: a good grammar, by presenting to the view of learners, a collection of judicious remarks on language, excites the attention of *the observing part of them* to similar observations upon their national classics, which are, properly speaking, the only true grammarians; thus their tastes are formed insensibly, and their minds expanded. But it is evident, that the rules of grammar cannot convey the art of language. Expert scholars in French grammar are often incapable of speaking or understanding the simplest phrase. How then is language to be acquired? I answer, by adopting the mode by which nature teaches children their mother tongue. Our wants have created our languages; and we must first learn how to express those wants. The transition from the knowledge of phrases to the knowledge of a language is almost magical. The scholar who surrenders himself to this system will soon be surprised at his own facility. How dark, tedious, and fruitless, when compared to this, by which we have been taught our native tongue, and by which we taste, in the mutual effusions of the heart, the first delights of hu-

man life ;—how dark, tedious, and fruitless, are the methods which grammars prescribe, the tender mother will more readily comprehend than the cold grammarian.

Language was made first, and grammar afterwards ; and hence the rules of grammar, or the particular principles of a language, are only a collection of observations upon custom. The knowledge, therefore, of custom, or of a language, which is the same thing, ought to precede the knowledge of rules ; for otherwise, those rules are observation upon nothing—a description without a subject. The inference is obvious. As rules do not impart a knowledge of language, which is their aim, in that view, they are absolutely useless ; and, consequently, to study grammar as a *primary step*, is a wanton waste of time, and a ridiculous inversion of the order of nature."

This volumes are dedicated, by permission, to the King, and open with a remarkably affecting and delicate address to his mother, the Countess Gouin Dufief, a woman of extraordinary merit and excellence. We doubt not, that we shall not be singular in conceiving a favorable opinion of the author's principles from the circumstance, and it gives us real pleasure in being able to add, that the impression has been strengthened by the perusal of his volumes, which are marked throughout with the strictest attention to morality and religion.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By the Author of Waverly.

THOUGH we have not found reason to alter the opinion intimated in our last, respecting the inferiority of this volume to the other "Waverly" productions, yet we cannot but esteem its general characteristics of talent. Did our limits admit, we should most readily avail ourselves of a copious analysis ; by which, we hesitate not to say, its merits would certainly be seen to preponderate its defects. Little experience in the literary world, and but very superficial views of human intellect, its genius, judgment, and taste, can they possess who expect perfection in every excellence desirable ; or so infinite a versatility as to please every description of readers. The admirers, however, of the "Author of Waverly," while they may discover imperfections in this work,

not to be found in any of his preceding publications, will not regret its perusal. If skill in arrangement, truth of character, and adaptation of style, blended with correct sentiment, are recommendations, the present novel must be highly appreciated.

The renowned author will by no means suffer in his well-earned reputation by this addition to his numerous and esteemed labors. The readers must be pleased with the circumstances of the narrative, as calculated to afford very estimable instruction. While "The Fortunes of Nigel" alternately amuse and impress, surprise and affect, the mind; they impart lessons by which the wisest in society may, perhaps, learn. The work is evidently adapted to familiarize the understanding with a necessary knowledge of the world; and to establish in the judgment, the importance of moral principle. As occurrences require, it is interspersed with effusions of vivacity exceedingly entertaining. The eccentricities of different characters are ably described: such as "His most sacred Majesty, James the First," "Lord Nigel," and others, who figure in the performance occasionally, to the amusement and the admiration, the ridicule and the pity of the world.

"Nigel, by good fortune, remembered that Vorstius, the divine last mentioned in his Majesty's queries about the state of Dutch literature, had been engaged in a personal controversy with James, in which the king had taken so deep an interest, as at length to hint in his public correspondence with the United States, that they would do well to apply the secular arm to stop the progress of heresy, by violent measures against the professor's person—a demand which their mighty Mightiness's principles of universal toleration induced them to elude, though with some difficulty. Knowing all this, Lord Glenvarloch, though a courtier of five minutes standing, had address enough to reply—

"Vivum quidem, haud diu est, hominem videbam—vigere autem quis dicat qui sub fulminibus eloquentiæ tuæ, Rex magne, jamdudum pronus jacet, et prostratus."*

* "Lest any lady or gentleman," observes the author, "should suspect there is aught of mystery concealed under the sentences printed in Italics, they will be pleased to understand, that they

This last tribute to his polemical powers completed James's happiness, which the triumph of exhibiting his erudition had already raised to a considerable height.

He rubbed his hands, snapped his fingers, fidgetted, chuckled, exclaimed—"Euge! belle! optime!" and turning to the bishops of Exeter and Oxford, who stood behind him, he said, "Ye see, my lords, no bad specimen of our Scottish Latinity, with which language we would have all our subjects of England were as well imbued as this, and other youths of honorable birth, in our auld kingdom; also we keep the genuine and Roman pronunciation, like other learned nations on the continent, sae that we can hold communing with any scholar in the universe, who can but speak the Latin tongue; whereas ye, our learned subjects of England, have introduced into your Universities, otherwise most learned, a fashion of pronouncing like unto the 'nippit foot and clippit foot' of the bride in the fairy-tale, whilk manner of speech (take it not amiss that I be round with you) can be understood by no nation on earth saving yourselves; whereby Latin, *quoad Anglos*, ceaseth to be *communis lingua*, the general dragoman, or interpreter, between all the wise men of the earth."

"The bishop of Exeter bowed, as in acquiescence to the royal censure; but he of Oxford stood upright, as mindful over what subjects his see extended, and as being equally willing to become food for faggots in defence of the Latinity of the university, as for any article of his religious creed.

The King, without awaiting an answer from either prelate, proceeded to question Lord Nigel, but in the vernacular tongue—"Weel, my likely Alcirnnus of the Muses, and what make you so far from the north?"

"To pay my homage to your Majesty," said the young nobleman, kneeling on one knee, "and to lay before you," he added, "this my very humble and dutiful supplication."

The king treating the petition with a degree of indifference,

contain only a few common-place Latin phrases, relating to the state of letters in Holland, which neither deserve, nor would endure, a literal translation."

occasioned more urgent appeals to his honor and generosity by Lord Huntinglen.

"All this while the poor king ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his shambling, circular mode of managing his legs, and his ungainly fashion of fiddling on such occasions with the bunches of ribbon which fastened the lower part of his dress."

Lord Huntinglen addresses King James, "An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth, when Ahab coveted his vineyard—'The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my father's unto thee.'"

"Ey, my lord,—ey, my lord!" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose; "I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity? Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, be better for the young man, as I said before,—why, since it maun be so—'sdeath, I am a free king, man, and he shall have his money, and redeem his land, and make a kirk, and a miln of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question, and then added, "How they are to pay it, I see it not; but I warrant he will find money on the order among the goldsmiths, who can find it for every one but me.—And now you see, my lord of Huntinglen, that I am neither an untrue man, to deny you the boon whilk I became bound for, nor an Ahab to covet Naboth's vineyard; nor a mere nose-of-wax to be twisted this way and that, by favorites and councillors at their pleasure. I think you will grant that I am none of those."

"You are my own native and noble prince," said Huntinglen, as he knelt to kiss the royal hand—"just and generous, whenever you listen to the workings of your own heart."

"Ay, ay," said the king, laughing good-naturedly, as he raised his faithful servant from the ground, that is what ye all say, when I do any thing to please ye. There—there, take the sign-manuel, and away with you, and this young fellow."

HALIDON HILL; a Dramatic Sketch, from Scottish History. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 109. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

This may safely be pronounced one of the most splendid productions of its distinguished author; and must yet more highly exalt his already eminent reputation for originality of conception, richness of ideas, perspicuity of judgment, force of description, and elegance of style. In each of these qualities, so essential to "a Dramatic Sketch," the present volume is really transcendent. The author, with that modesty which invariably characterises the union of genius with wisdom, observes, "The Drama (if it can be termed one) is in no particular either designed or calculated for the stage: so that in case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases) the author takes the present opportunity to intimate that it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment."

In whatever estimation the author himself may hold the work, in point of dramatic merit, it cannot be long ere the experiment will be tried; and if conducted with becoming skill, must afford the highest gratification. Its literary claims will not be disputed; and the most elevated expectations which the announcing of a work from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, may reasonably be supposed to excite, will be abundantly realized in the perusal of this elegantly written volume.

We must defer, though reluctantly, any extracts till our next.

ROCHE-BLANCHE; or, The Hunters of the Pyrenees. A Romance, by Miss Anna Maria Porter, author of "The Village of Mariendorpt," &c. 3 vols. Longman and Co. London. 1822.

We recommend this as an entertaining publication of its kind. The admirers of romance will peruse these volumes with no inconsiderable pleasure. They are written in a chaste style, and the sentiments they contain are perfectly consistent with morality.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR JULY, 1822.

His Majesty will positively prorogue Parliament in person: active preparations are making for that event. Lord Gwidyr, the acting Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and his secretary, Dorset Fellowes, Esq. have recently returned to this country from the continent to superintend the necessary regulations for the proroguing of Parliament. The ceremonies will resemble those in strict form and magnificence that took place at the opening of the present Session. We have reason to believe, after several contradictory reports for and against his Majesty's visit to Scotland, that it will take place as soon as the Houses of Parliament are closed; but that his stay will not exceed a fortnight, during which two drawing-rooms will be held at Holyrood House. His Majesty will most probably proceed by sea direct to Leith, and return by land through the interior of the country, and thus the principal manufacturing districts will be honored with the presence of their sovereign; an event that has not occurred to them for several generations. His Majesty has also signified his intention of visiting his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh during his stay in the north. It is expected that the King and his suite will embark at Greenwich on the 8th of August for Scotland.

We learn with pleasure, that Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg will be at Marlborough house in the course of this month. Letters from Trieste announce his Serene Highness to be in excellent health. He has directed two hundred guineas to be sent to the London Committee for the relief of the suffering Irish; and it is with gratification we learn from the Irish journals, that the distresses in that country are abating, corn of every description appearing remarkably well and productive. The potatoe gardens far exceed the general expectation by the operation of the late rains: new potatoes have appeared in many places about Limerick.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence are gone on a continental tour, in hopes to renovate the health of her royal

Highness, which is at present in a very delicate state, and they will pass some time with the Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg, and the Princess of Hesse Homberg. The Duke of Gloucester has also left England for some months; and among other illustrious departures, we have to announce that of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses having travelled post, arrived at Wright's Hotel, Dover, on the 20th of July, at the early hour of two in the morning. They staid the whole of the next day to recover from their fatigue, and visited the Castle. On their return, the Prince and Princess, with the principal members of their suite, took a warm-bath at Marsh's; and at nine the next morning, went off in a boat belonging to the Custom-House at this place, with the Royal Standard hoisted over their heads, and were seen on board the yacht destined to convey them to France, and sailed out of sight amidst the hearty cheers of the numerous spectators that lined the beach, and under a royal salute of guns on the heights, the flags flying on the Castle, &c. &c. There was a fine south-west breeze, and it is probable their Highnesses would arrive at their destination at somewhat less than three hours from the time of their embarkation.

It appears that the miseries of the Greeks are not yet terminated. The Seringapatam frigate, on passing the island of Scio, on the 7th of May, observed it then in flames. Previous accounts stated, that very few houses had escaped the first devastation of the Turks, and it is probable, that they are now totally destroyed, the whole island depopulated, and a heap of ruins. The latest accounts received from the Ionian Islands, represent them as healthy and perfectly tranquil.

The proceedings of the Court of Portugal, from recent advices, are important, inasmuch as they seem to lead to a declaration of the independence of the Brazils; a measure to that effect has been prepared by a committee, and was then under discussion; but the debates were commenced with great vehemence.

From our correspondent at Paris, we learn that his Majesty has been indisposed with a cold, but is now convalescent. Louis suffers much inconvenience in his health from being unable, through the unwieldiness of his royal person,

to take the least exercise; yet he is very cheerful, attends to general business, and passes his hours of relaxation in the bosom of his august family.

The last efforts of Spain to preserve her dominions in South America are stated to have been made and failed. An account had been received in Jamaica the latter end of May, stating that Bolivar had got into the rear of Murgeon's advanced posts in Parto, between Quito and Popayan, and brought his main body to action. Murgeon was slain, and a most decisive defeat of the Royalists ensued. A letter from Maracabo, of May the 5th, says, The whole of Morale's force has capitulated, and five hundred of his men are to be embarked to-morrow."—Such are the evolutions of time, and so ends the last expiring effort of old Spain in this quarter of the globe!

In Spain an insurrection broke out among the Spanish Guards against the constitution and government of that country, and an attempt was made, which nearly succeeded, to restore the ancient despotic form. It appears from accounts subsequently received, that General Riego and the Constitutional forces, obtained a very difficult victory; and the conduct of the king was ambiguous. It is stated in the French papers that a meeting has been called of all the foreign ministers at this period in Madrid, and that two documents had there been presented for signature, by the one of which the insurrection was declared Jacobinal, and the result was, the king had been made a prisoner; the other denies this averment, and alleges the insurrection to have been caused by the imprudent enthusiasm of the Spanish guards. It is further stated, that the latter manifesto was adopted by the diplomatic body; but that the Austrian and French Ministers had refused their signature. Thus the Constitutional party appear triumphant, and, not unjustly, irritated; while the Royalists and their unfortunate Sovereign, have been betrayed into an imprudent co-operation with undisciplined soldiers, and have thus afforded an opportunity to their enemies to hold the king forth as no longer fit to be trusted at the head of a Constitutional Government.

The Wellington Trophy.—The grand Colossal statue of Achilles has been placed on its lofty pedestal in Hyde-park, and daily excites the admiration of thousands of persons.

It has an imposing appearance: the figure is upright, and holding a shield in one hand, while the other is indicative of an offensive intention, but as yet displays no weapon. The head (which we, however, consider as too small) is uncovered, and the armour is placed on the right side, rather inclining to the back of the statue. The pedestal displays in letters of gold, the following appropriate inscription:—

To Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
And his brave Companions in Arms,
This Statue of Achilles,
Cast from Cannon taken in the Victories
Of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo,
Is inscribed
By their Countrywomen.



THE DRAMA.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

Is so fortunate as to attract large audiences, and what is still better, it deserves the patronage it receives. "She stoops to Conquer" has been revived in a very creditable manner at this house. Three new pieces have already been produced, with promise of further variety. "Love Letters," a pleasing trifle, in which Robert, a half-tipsey English seaman, like Pipes in Peregrine Pickle, puts the letter into his boot, and it thereby becomes so illegible, that the tar resolves to substitute another, filled with scraps of songs and nautical poetry, which he reckons a complete love epistle; but, of course, it meets with a different reception from the quarter to which it is sent to what he anticipated, and gives rise to some ludicrous mistakes. "Peter Fin; or, a new Road to Brighton," is very poor; and the driving of the harmless citizen for many hours round London, and then setting him down in Bedford-square at night, for a sub-marine residence, reminds us too much of the trick played off on Mrs. Hardcastle by her ungracious son, Tony, to be acted in the same month, much more on the same night. The new comedy of

"John Buzzby; or, a Day's Pleasure," has not the most prepossessing title, yet it maintains its ground as a favorite with the public.

Mr. Buzzby, (Terry, on whose shoulders the whole weight of the piece rests), is a respectable London innkeeper, who wishing to enjoy *one day* free from the trouble of an overbearing wife and her son Natty Briggs, (Mr. W. West) feigns a journey to Deptford, on business, yet, in reality, takes a trip to Richmond in search of pleasure. Mrs. Buzzby and Natty, thinking Mr. B. safe, determine on a joyous excursion to Richmond, and take with them Cecilia, a ward of Mr. B.'s, whose fortune Mrs. B. wished to secure by marrying the young lady to her son. In the stage to Richmond, Mr. Buzzby meets an interesting young female, Julia, lately united to a Captain Anderson, who having previously engaged herself in a thoughtless, though perfectly innocent, correspondence with an officer named Greville, she resolved to go to the uncle of the latter, Major Aubrey, to procure a restitution of her letters, which the nephew had improperly shewn, and which makes her tremblingly alive to apprehension lest her husband, hearing of this breach of honor, should involve himself in a duel. Julia, in her haste to seize an opportunity to arrange this affair, quits London without having thought of a person of respectability to introduce her to the major, as an indispensable auxiliary. The lady finding in Mr. Buzzby every appearance of a respectable person, relies on that and his age, and discloses to him the particulars of her situation. The honest tradesman becomes Julia's protector on the credit of her appearance, and the result is, that he draws himself into a series of dilemmas, that turns his intended day's pleasure into one of whimsical embarrassment and comic vexation, not a little heightened by the arrival of Mrs. Buzzby, who is disappointed of her jovial day by finding her *staid* husband walking about Richmond with a fine young woman; and a military officer claiming the hand of Cecelia, of which she and Natty had by misrepresentation endeavored to deprive him. The husband of Julia, in the mean time, meets Greville, and while they arrange a meeting, Buzzby, in defence of the lady, gets embroiled with both the officers; he is also equally involved with Major Aubrey, and every effort he makes for

the good of others involves him in personal difficulties. To these characters are added, Jingle, a facetious innkeeper of Richmond, who suffers no one to speak but himself, his daughter, Jenny, who has a mania for talking, but is never allowed to open her mouth, and a gawky country waiter, in love with his young mistress, who in her turn is dying for Lieut. Maypole. The intervention of Major Aubrey and the firmness of John Buzzby, at length succeed in the reconciliation of all parties, and concludes a day of trouble into an evening of heartfelt joy. The piece is by Mr. Kenny.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MISS CLARA FISHER is the chief attraction at this house, and nightly draws large audiences. She merits the patronage she receives; and her talents, considering her juvenile years, are astonishing. A new actress has appeared on the boards of this favorite Summer establishment, Miss Langshire, the pupil of Mr. Welsh, Miss Stephens' master. Her voice has considerable compass, and she is evidently well instructed, as the most is made of her natural powers; but she wants that essential requisite in a singer, expression, without which she can never touch the feelings, nor make an impression on her audience in her favor.

SURREY THEATRE.

THE Fortunes of Nigel have been popular at this house. The dramatist has certainly made the best of what was never intended to be dramatised, and is the least fit for such purpose of any of the novels yet produced by the unknown author. The pantomime of "The Three Fishermen, or, the Box, the Fish, and the Genii," is successful. The novelty consists in the usual characters of Columbine, Clown, and Harlequin, being tripled, which introduces a species of emulation and rivalry very amusing.

To
of
gh-
ved
ove
ut.
m-
on
en-

se,
ge
rs,
ds
he
as
d,
ts
ch
on

e.
er
h
n
e
y
d
t-





Fashionable Half & Full Dresses for August 1780.
Invented by Miss Pierpoint Edmund Street Portman Square.

Pub. August 23rd 1780 by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1822.

HALF-DRESS,

COMPOSED of white jaconaut muslin, made high; the cape cut in points, and edged with Urling's patent lace. The bottom of the skirt trimmed with a wreath of leaves, let in *en crêves* of clear muslin; at the bottom of which are two rows of Urling's patent lace. Head-dress, a small cottage cap of India worked muslin, trimmed with Urling's lace, to correspond with the dress. A bunch of moss-roses placed on the left side. Limerick gloves and shoes to correspond.

FULL-DRESS,

COMPOSED of pink *crêpe lisse*, over a white satin slip, trimmed with *rouleaux* of satin, placed on a full trimming of pink blond in four draperies. Body and sleeves to correspond. Head-dress, the hair brought in full curls over the forehead, with a wreath of pearl ornaments, surmounted with three ostrich feathers falling over the right shoulder. White kid gloves and shoes to correspond.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

MORNING DRESS,

ROUND, composed of muslin, embroidered down the front of the skirt, and round the bottom, to correspond. The

body high, a large fall-over collar, the point of which falls on each shoulder. An epaulette of leaves, trimmed with scalloped work. A cuff of a similar form edged with scallops.

The most fashionable

WALKING COSTUME

is a blue lilac *gros de Naples* pelisse, lined through with white sarsnet, ornamented down each side and round the bottom, with a trimming of the same, *gros de Naples* corded with satin, and finished with buttons. The body ornamented to correspond. A tight back and sleeves; a top sleeve of *gros de Naples* trimmed with broad satin cordings, in part to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. A cuff of points up the arm, linked together with satin cordings, the whole forming a very rich and elegant pelisse.

EVENING DRESS,

Composed of Kensington figured lace, with a deep scalloped border round the bottom, worn over an azure blue satin; the *corsage* low, and square, trimmed with lace. The sleeve of figured net, intermixed with *small* blue flowers: a long lace scarf to correspond with the net skirt. Pearl ornaments. Blue satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

The bonnets continue to be worn remarkably small, but very plain, principally white, or French white, edged with a color, and white feathers, (the ends tipped with the same color that the bonnet is edged with) placed on one side, entirely filling up the front and falling over to the other side.

We have again to express our acknowledgements to MRS. BLUNDELL, of Ludgate-street, for the above elegant dresses.

We have also been favored with the inspection of several dresses at the *magazin* of an eminent *marchande de modes* at

the west-end of the town, which we shall endeavour to describe:—

The full dresses are composed of white satin or gauze; the trimmings at bottom do not exceed a quarter of a yard in depth, consisting of flowers, intermixed with gauze and satin, forming various ornaments; short full sleeves, fastened up with folds of satin or *rouleaux*; the skirts are very full, and much gored, so that they are of an easy width round the figure at the waist, and very wide at the bottom.

The most prevailing colors are sky-blue and emerald, pink and lilac.

The tops of the pelisses are all made plain; no full tops are to be seen; straps and *rouleaux* in profusion. The backs terminate with a little fulness at the bottom: a plain rolling collar.

For spencers, white lace and figured muslins over colored silk linings, are becoming very fashionable in carriage dresses. One of the handsomest we have seen is composed of Urling's figured lace, with straps of white satin, forming diamonds at the top of the sleeve; the cuffs to correspond. The back is rather narrow, and a good deal sloped on each side; the lace is a little full at the bottom of the waist. The fronts are tight to the shape, and meet with a beautiful clasp at the centre.

Bonnets of a small cottage shape, composed of pink crape, and lined with pink or white satin; plumes of down feathers, the ends tipped with a color to correspond with the pelisse. A large square veil of Urling's patent lace thrown over the head, in the style of a nun, has been seen worn by ladies of the first distinction, and we make no doubt will become very general, as it has a very rich, graceful, and elegant appearance.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

AMONG the novelties for this month, we have particularly to remark a beautiful dove-colored silk dress, with an elegant barley-corn embroidery. It has generally five vandyked and worked flounces; the waist and sleeves, which are short, are puckered with large, blue, silk twist, or wreaths let in between.

Chapeaux de riz, or bonnets of rice straw, with a bunch of grapes, and large vine leaves, in gauze, and a cachemire white gauze scarf, with gold tassels at the corners, complete this beautiful and much-admired dress, which was all the *ton* at the brilliant exhibition of the Louvre, during the last week.

Pelisses composed of striped and embroidered India muslin, are also much worn; they are lined with sarsnet of straw or dove color, and have a sash with a prominent *medallion rosette* suspended from the waist. The *élégantes* add to this dress a long Veil of Urling's patent English lace, with a bold pattern.

Short sleeves predominate, as well as half length gloves, terminating in *rouleaux* of riband, tied in a rosette of *pompou*. Hats of straw-colored tissue continue in vogue, with a handkerchief of cachemire gauze thrown over, of red poppy or scarlet color; the ends brought under the chin, and projecting very wide.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

BYRON, MOORE, AND SCOTT.

* THREE poets in our sister kingdoms born,
Albion, and Erin, Scotland, did adorn;
The first enraptur'd treads on Grecian plains,
And where proud "Corinth" rear'd her classic fanes,
His "Alps," the daring renagado stands
Amidst his lawless crew on desert sands.
And, lo! when nature's hush'd in balmy sleep,
His plundering "Corsair" roving on the deep.
In lofty "Harold" what conceptions roll!
So vast, so grand, they elevate the soul!
Italia's sweets, of new or olden times,
Are there profusely scattered through his rhymes.
Now where St. Peter heaves its massy dome,
O'er wrecks of ages, in almighty Rome,
He's seen in cloister'd aisle, with cautious tread,
In deep communion with th' illustrious dead!
In grass-grown temple, altars overturn'd,
Where once to God the lamp of worship burn'd;
While from a thousand tongues the choral hymn,
Loud peal'd to gorgeous roof of cherubim.
Now on Ferrara's solitary shore,
Where "Tasso's" plaintive echoes are no more!
He views the cell, where barr'd from pity's glow,
He died in all the wretchedness of woe!
Where Venice sits in melancholy smiles,
In fallen greatness, on her "hundred isles,"
Behold him musing by the vesper star,
While lovers nightly touch the soft guitar;
And the Rialto's gloomy walls appear,
With dusky arch o'er songless gondolier.

• Parody on Dryden.

With the bold Switzer see him cross the plain
 Of rich Valais, and climb the Jura's chain:
 His lakes he sings, his avalanch of snows,
 And how the Rhone in azure beauty flows!
 Where winding Siniplou's awful torrents pour
 From Alpine height, in never-ending roar;
 He enters "Chillon's" gloom, where day by day
 His hapless Prisoner pin'd in grief away.
 At Brussels see him when the morning shines,
 'Midst forming squadrons, and embattled lines;
 The cannons' distant roar, the bugle's sound,
 The impatient war-horse beating up the ground,
 The fear-struck citizens, with "tèrror dumb,"
 The call to arms, the rolling of the drum,
 The Cameron's march, to glory or the grave,
 File after file, where d'Ardenne's branches wave.
 What painful feelings agitate the heart,
 To see Mazeppa bound—to see him start
 Through Russian wastes, and many a forest wide,
 "Where wildest horses range with none to ride!"
 League after league the frantic courser flies,
 Till worn with toil, he sinks to earth and dies!
 And does not "Beppo" make us smile to see
 The strange and mimic scenes of Italy?
 Satire's pourtrayed of that delightful land,
 With truth and skill by such a master-hand!
 Tho' "Manfred," "Giaour," and obdurate "Cain,"
 And his "Don Juan" with its impious strain,
 At times offend, yet such deep thoughts arise,
 Strew'd here and there such mingling beauty lies,
 That let him come in any shape he will,
 Byron I've always lov'd—and love him still!

To spread the rich and intellectual feast,
 The second culls the treasures of the east!
 He sings of beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,
 Of sunny isle, and roses of Cachmere,
 The shining mosques, the Persian's hallow'd fire,
 Bold Hafiz vaulting on the funeral pyre;
 Heads, turbans, sabres, strewed midst rocks and trees,
 The Gheber's torch, the murmur of the seas;
 The Moslem sailing by the goblin cave,
 In the light skiff, along the moonlight wave.

How calm the night! how beautiful the hours!
When "Lalla Rookh," through oriental bowers,
By "sea of stars," and fairy-templed shore,
In splendor moves, midst thousands, to Lahore.
While Feramorz, the royal minstrel, plays
In magic skill his "harp of other days."
And where in regal-hall, the happy pair
Transporting meet in love's embraces there;
While gilded barges meet in Jumna's stream,
Our fancy wanders in enchanted dream!
And on his native isles' green banks among,
Moore breathes his "Irish Melodies" along;
So sweet, so rich, so elegant they flow,
With wit refin'd, and love's impassion'd glow.

The last, not least, presents his ocean views
And highland chief, and clansman warrior shews;
Of Macs and Donalds, in their Tartan plaid,
With plume and bonnet, and bright glitt'ring blade.
He sings of feudal tower, of Gothic pile,
Ben-lomond's height, Lock Allen, or Argyle;
Of archers rushing from the mountain fir,
Like wolves upon the way-worn traveller;
The robber's cave, where how in fierce delight,
They passed in wildest revelry the night.
How dread the note, how savage is the shrill
Of martial pibroch, sounding from the hill!
Where the brave chieftain bids his clans arise,
To strike the fearless Saxon with surprise!
From forest glen, like lightning's flash, appear
The targe and lance, and many a pointed spear;
And when bold Roderic Dhu but gives the word,
All fade to view, and not a sound is heard!
What thoughts arise, to see at evening hour
Where scarce a breeze plays round the Donjou tow'r;
The huge portcullis barr'd, the drawbridge hung,
The warder pacing silently along
Round embrazure, while far in deep ravine
Of lonely pass the list'ning scout is seen.
O! what delight, to catch through copse and brake,
Round winding shore, the "the Lady of the Lake!"
On the smooth waters glide by Cynthia's light,
'Tis from a saint, with robe of snowy white!

At time so late, what doubts the mind appal,
 To hear the thund'ring knock at Rokeby-hall;
 To see the stranger rush with garb so wild,
 And to the knight resign the lovely child;
 That briefly done, and mutter'd half a pray'r,
 He falls, he faints, and breathes his spirit there;
 While stare the guests around the chimney's space,
 As counting o'er the glories of the chace;
 Where hangs the boar's frowning form on high,
 'The hunter's hard-earn'd spoil of victory!
 Scott's "Lord of Isles," his "Marmion's" deeds of fight
 On "Flodden-Field," his "Dauntless Harold's" might,
 His "Roderick's Lay," his "Field of Waterloo,"
 Have prov'd what raptur'd poesy can do!

Which bard can best attune the sweetest string,
 And range at large on Fancy's daring wing?
 Can touch the softest cord, or deepest lyre,
 To feats of war, or love's immortal fire?
 Each shares the gift, the power to please mankind,
 As suits the various passions of the mind;
 Enrapt with each, I can with either rove,
 The tented field, or myrtle shaded grove.

St. Olave's, Southwark, June 8th, 1822.

JOSEPH HAWKINS.

SONNET.

Oh, Time! why steal'st thou thus so rapidly
 Away, when pleasure's beam the heart
 Dilates, wakes the forgotten or the new-born
 Sigh of bliss, bids Nature smile, and o'er her
 Brightest charms still greater beauty flings?
 Why linger'st thou alone with those, forlorn,
 Whom friends or fortune, health or hope forsake,
 Who stretch'd upon the bed of misery
 Oft bid the 'lazy-footed hours' depart?
 But speed thee on; thy rapid course may break
 The fairy fabric of to-day's sweet joys;
 But know, oh, time! thy haste thyself destroys,
 And brings the moments nearer that confer
 Eternal joys—where joy's pure fountain springs.

A.

HORACE, ODE III. LIB. 2.

SUSTAIN, O Delius, about to die,
A mind the same in all adversity,
Whether in grief you pass your time away,
Or stretched upon the grass throughout the day,
You bless the festal time with choicest wine,
Where the tall poplar and the lofty pine
Their boughs unite to form a pleasing shade,
And murmuring streams run swift along the glade.
Bring hither wines and ointments, and to those
Add the sweet flowers of the short-liv'd rose,
Whilst age and circumstances will permit,
And whilst the fatal sisters suffer it.
Your pleasant villa, house, and your estate,
Which Tiber washes, you must yield to fate;
Your heir will then your wealth enjoy in peace,
Which you have greatly labor'd to increase,
Whether you may from Inachus derive
Your noble race, and in great splendour live,
Or whether poor, and clad in misery,
You'll still the victim of stern Pluto be;
For no man can avoid the will of fate,
The lot of every one, or soon or late,
Is shaken in the fatal urn, and all are sent
In Charon's boat to everlasting banishment. J. P. S.

TO ROSA,

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

SWEET ringlet! and is this then all
That I have left of love and thee?
Ah! better when from bliss we fall,
That bliss should all forgotten be,
Than thus to rob the memory
Of things that should lie silently.

I know not if this lock were giv'n
To bind the heart that had no will,
But this I know, those bonds were riv'n
By one that should be faithful still;
If love e'er dwelt in woman's heart,
Ah! why didst thou from love depart?

Depart! oh! thou couldst ne'er have known,
 That passion's zeal, its pangs, its pow'r,
 For e'en when all its joys are flown,
 Its woes grow dearer every hour;
 And like that flower whose bloom is dead,
 We find its fragrance is not fled.

Though it were given in toying mood,
 The pledge I still possess from thee,
 I would not have it understood
 Its power was lightly felt by me;
 It only pains me now to tell,
 I lov'd—and love thee but too well.

But still I would not cause thee pain,
 Be mine alone the ceaseless woe,
 I would not wound the heart in vain,
 The heart whose love has ceas'd to flow;
 I only wish I lov'd thee less,
 Or could forget such loveliness.

AZIM.

TO MY DEAREST ANN.

It must not be! that lovely eye
 Should never know a tear,
 Or only when excess of joy,
 Might operate like fear.

Weep not, dear Ann, this heart is thine
 Whilst life in it shall last,
 And thine I know, would still be mine,
 If ev'ry hope were past!

Life without care is but a dream;
 But 'tis a dream of bliss:
 And though these moments dark may seem,
 Come, end them with a kiss!

Be happy! not with boist'rous joy,
 But calm and holy peace;
 Never again let grief's alloy,
 Compel that smile to cease.

J. M. LACEY.

SONG.

THOUGH parted, we shall meet,
 Remembrance soothes and cheers me;
 Before me scenes oft fleet,
 And fancy brings him near me.

The fields we oft have rang'd,
 I'll wander over daily,
 And think, ah, me! how chang'd,
 Though blooming still so gaily.

Should he ere prove unkind,
 And dote upon another;
 Should he ere change his mind,
 And prove a faithless lover;

Ere then may I in peace
 Rest in the grave for ever;
 Nor know his love's decrease,
 And fondness for another.

Somer's Town.

W. S.—s.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS D—N.

ENCHANTRESS! by whose vocal pow'rs,
 I've been delighted many hours
 With music's sweet melodious strain—
 Sounds that would soothe e'en love's keen pain;
 If I were influenc'd by despair,
 Thy notes would lighten ev'ry care—
 Recall sweet hope and life awhile,
 'To hear thy voice, and see thy smile!
 Where, lovely warbler! didst thou find
 That grace which binds the captive mind,
 And leaves all other charms for those
 Thy magic influence disclose?
 Alas! e'en fancy sketch is faint
 Thy witch'ry she can never paint;
 Yet still, she says, in one short breath,
 "Each charm dwells with ELIZABETH!"

Ipswich.

G. F.—s.

SOLUTION TO THE REBUS IN OUR LAST.

AN *I* will stand for *one*, or else I've blunder'd,
 The letter *C* will also make *one hundred* ;
 Thus from some word *I C* I'm told to take,
 By which *I see* what your Rebus will make ;
 The first is YORICK—Shakspeare tells his tale
 In language that for ages cannot fail ;
 A fellow he of jest, and joke, and whim,
 Our STERNE assumed the name, and copied him,
 And with his quips and cranks, so smart and handy,
 Immortalized his name by "Tristram Shandy."
 From YORICK take *I C*, and YORK remains,
 Which, to my mind, the whole Rebus explains.

J. M. LACEY.

Marriages.

At Lambeth Palace (by the Archbishop of Canterbury) the Hon. Robert Smith, M. P. for Buckingham, only son of Lord Carrington, to the Hon. E. K. Forester, second daughter of Lord Forester. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Capt. H. Robinson, R. N., to F. E. only child of H. W. Wood, Esq. of Rosemead. At Durham, J. Trotter, Esq, M. D., to M. A. daughter of the Rev. J. Fawcett, of Durham. At Mary-le-bone, G. Bankes, Esq., M P., Fellow of Trinity Hall, to Georgiana, only child of Admiral Nugent. At Dublin, J. H. Hutchinson, Capt. in the 1st Guards, to the Hon. Margaret Gardiner, youngest daughter of the late Lord Viscount Mountjoy.

Deaths.

At Sudborough, Northamptonshire, aged 66, the Rev. Sir S. Hewit, Bart., rector of that place. The Rev. Leonard Jardiffe, rector of Stratton on the Joss, Somerset, aged 66. At Apsley, Bedfordshire, aged 37, the Rev. G. P. Kerr. At Nottingham, the Hon. Mrs. F. Byron, aged 86. At Duke-Street, Westminster, aged 67, Mrs. M. Bankes. At his house in Cavendish square, the R. Hon. Horatio Walpole, Earl of Oxford, &c. At Orwell, Cambridgeshire, R. E. Renouard. At Auberries, aged 73, Mrs. Hammersley, relict of Thomas Hammersley esq, Mr. Emery, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications are received—J. Walpole,—Adventures, &c. —Mrs. T.—J. S. D.—R.—L. M. R.—N.—Translation,—Summer,—The Black-bird,—Sonnet,—Gulielmus,—*,—W. W.—The Gleaner,—and Stanzas, by Z.

A shall be answered.

We will attend to S—'s enquiry.

R. M. is quite right in his conjectures.

We shall be happy to hear again from our Lincoln Correspondent.

Quiz is inadmissible.

The favor of I—w—a is rather too serious for a work like the *Musenim*.

J. Walpole shall have an answer as soon as possible.

We should be obliged to Genevieve to favor us with her address.

bert
K.
are,
ose-
J.
y of
H.
gest

rt.,
the
P.
et,
re,
ge-
of

ze.
ek-





Drawn by W. G. W.

Engraved by T. W. W.

Miss Paton.

Feb. Sept. 1855 by D. W. & M. W. Throckmole Street.